

ED:TR/

**THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE O
TIME.**

A life more happy seemed to fill
The homestead 'neath the sunlit hills
A gentle stir, like winds at play,
That kept in mind Thanksgiving Day

Upon the roof-tree sloping down,
Or late had come a gusty rain,
Of snow, and drooped beneath
The Wagoner's red and white

As thus the homestead peaceful
Amidst the winter quietude,
Inside the housewife piled her
With busy hand and anxious heart.

For three whole days a conflict
Is waged 'twixt eatables and fire,
Still does the crane not cease to
And still the oven holds its own.

Now conscious of her skill and
The house-dame with her skirts
tight
And cap askew, with flying string
The closet fills with dainty things

The children peep with eyes agape
To see her place the pieces in row
And steal to get with smack and
Of steaming conserves just a whiff

The day has come! The blushing
Now hears the lumbering stage
That, 'mid the echolings of the hills
The homestead with a tremor lifts

First to the door, the grandeur
Puts forth, his staff his steps to
The door, prattling at his knee
Thrills forth his head the corner
see.

The stewart son that bides at home
Into the doorway, too, has come
His wife and baby now appear—
Hark!—the sound of wheels
near.

The stage at last, with stately
Comes round the curve, and fr
The leekboy sons who left the
And meet the group with gre
warm.

Quick bounding at the prick of
A pillioned nag trots up the ro
And, pausing by the humble sto
Adds two newcomers to the gro
The meeting house looms whit
bare
High on the hill above them the
And in its steeple thumps and s

And soon the men folk, smiling
Responsive to its summons haste
Whilst busy Marthas, full of care,
Gainst their return the feast pre-
pare.
The feast at last! The grace is said
And up bobs every eager head,
And bright eyes, like some power,
Go seeking what they may devour.

The turkey at the feast is lost:
The chickens get their drum-
crossed:
And empty plates, just filled with
The good wife marks with s
eyes.

Each finds his limit reached at
The apples come: the nuts are p
The mugs of elder brimming stan

So goes the day till evening comes
And on the hob the kettle hums
The roasting apple puffs its cheeks
And children play at hide-and-seek
Perhaps this day in years to come
May find them wanderers far from
home.
And with joy-haunting memories
The shadows of that changeful day

VIEWS AND VARIETIES

Clever Sayings

Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall. "More of Maria's letters cried. Herewith he merely refers the Ananias club again.—New

Times.

"Do you believe in high lice asked the young man in the scene. "Well," replied the maid, "I don't believe the lice should be high enough to disclose matrimony."—Chicago News.

"I don't believe any two words in English language are synonymous."

"Oh, I don't know. What's the ter with 'raise' and 'lift'?" "The big difference. I 'raise' chicken have a neighbor who has been in to 'lift' them."—Philadelphia Ledger

"Have you ever worked?" "Y honor, I've had a steady job fer and years." "What at?" "I'm lector." "What firm are you a lector for?" "Fer meself; de owes me a livin' an' I've been c in' it." "Thirty days!"—Houston

your name has been mentioned or twice in connection with the agency. Senator Lotsmun—Why a London journal, I believe, on marked that if the office of press of the United States was for would probably buy it.—Chicago Herald.

"Yes, sir," said the Kentuckian.

they sat by the stove; "you can
a man's rank in this state thrust
you see a man with his feet
of the stove, he's a general; if he
is on that rail about half way up
a colonel, and if he keeps them on
floor, he's a major." "Ah, yes,"
his companion, "that's good as
it goes, but how are you going to
tinguish a captain or lieutenant

It was a cold, raw day, but Neversweats and the Fearnos were playing a game of ball on prairie, just the same. The pitcher, Neversweats, his fingers half-frozen, failed dismally in getting the ball over the plate. "Aw," said the

tain, "I thought ye were one o' cold-weather pitchers." "I am the slab artist, blowing on him numbed digits to warm them; I ain't no ice pitcher, blame ye!"—Chicago Tribune.

The proposed Trans-Paraguay route includes the Falls of the Y. This railroad is to connect Asunción with San Francisco, an Atlantic port on the coast of Brazil, almost of Asunción. Although this route is now only a project, its realization in four or five years is regarded as a certainty by the officials of the other railroad in the country.

The several branch houses or cities of American and other manufacturing companies established at Mexico City, have been doing business with Veracruz, on account of the centennial celebration. This first time in the history of Ver-

The government of the Mexican state of Sinaloa has brought from the state of Tabasco 20,000 "heads

roots of a banana grown for export. This banana is called the "Roatan" and is said to be of the same kind as grown in Costa Rica. These roots have been distributed among the principal owners whose lands are suited for this culture that they may experiment. If successful, a large article will be opened up.